



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

of conscience, when it is not enough to be loved, when temporary interests disappear before the Idea, we shall then propose to them this more complex formula—one that presupposes a lofty morality: Make yourself worthy of being loved by the most beautiful souls!

Duty, virtue, morality, beauty are the habits. All are based on that habit of the body, health. We have mentioned the intimate unity of the æsthetic development: a beautiful soul demands a beautiful body. Education has traced the principles of moral hygiene, it will also teach a physical hygiene. In what that consists, this is not the place to explain; certainly it will depend very much upon the temperament. It will require for the educator a very delicate feeling for the plastic.⁴¹

Note 41.—Physical education will have to respect the natural plastic of the sexes. Manly plastic and womanly plastic have, each one, their own æsthetic. Effort brings out

the structure of a man; on the contrary the feminine form objects thereto. Woman is visibly not built for effort; her destination is different. Woman is a matrix; it is for her to bring forth, and her function causes her plastic; therefore, the physical ideal of woman will consist in seductive grace.

Masculine games are as contrary to the health of a young girl as to her beauty; the least evil that can be said of horseback exercise, for instance, is that woman is always ugly in the saddle. She is built for the dance, I do not say for our awkward and brutal dance, which seizes upon man and makes him wild. But for the antique dance of the *ancien régime* in which the woman, free and by herself in varied and slow movements, developed all the seductions of her suppleness and form.

Education will strive to inculcate the knowledge and taste for healthy and beautiful movements and a horror for the awkward and heavy poses which deform the body and accustom the mind and will to mediocrity and softness. The educator will not ignore anatomy, and that ungrateful science will offer a singular form of interest to young people so soon as youth begins to find therein the secret of its vigor and its beauty.

To be continued

POETRY

Can any one suppose
The grafting of a rhyme
Upon the end of prose
Makes feeble thoughts sublime?
As well with scent propose
To make a weed—a rose!

If one a fragrant rose
Into the verse entwine,
It is no longer prose;
Even the simplest line
Becomes a singing bird
With notes before unheard.

A poem is a dream
Made real to him who hears;
It is a captured gleam
From the unseen, that cheers
And puts the halo's grace
Around the commonplace.

A glimpse of loveliness;
A rapture that entreats,
Though words but half express
What the mind's eye completes
While a sweet music sings
From subtly cadenced strings.

A poem is the song
All human hearts translate—
And ne'er translate it wrong
Though inarticulate;
And this is its high art—
It lingers in the heart.

James Terry White